

ERCKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1884.

WALLACE GRUELLE Editor

KNAVEs sell lottery tickets; fools buy them.

HASTE is the "A" of the alphabet wraths; repentance is the "Z" thereof.

When Henry Watterson dies the Louisville Post will suspend publication.

The Sherman-Mahone-Chalmers coalition run a game of political thimblery.

"Every day is not a holiday," is a good old saw, but not many negroes take stock in it.

A moon many Ohio people were drowned by the flood, but none of them were office seekers.

His words are no sign of big deeds, any more than promises are tokens of their fulfillment.

SPRITUALISM is rampant in Cloverport. —(Elizabethtown News. Yes; of the best sort.)

The grand army of officeholders will insure Arthur the republican presidential nomination.

The man without money, and without disposition to earn it, is justifiable in committing suicide.

"CRABBY covers a multitude of sins," and relieves a greater multitude of sinners just about now.

1883 and 1884 have both impressed "Holographs on the history of the nineteenth century.

LOUISVILLE banks on the Courier-Journal, and Nicholasville stakes her chips on the Journal Courier.

The man who sits down and waits for prosperity to come to him has need of all the patience in the world.

The presidential substance in John A. Logan is a good deal like the dried apple and water banquet of the "well."

When the milkmen of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville take a holiday from business, there's a flood in the Ohio.

The quarrel seems to be between Big mark and Tom Ochiltree, instead of the United States and German governments.

HON. R. S. STEVENS, of New York, will accept our thanks for a bound volume of the speeches of Hon. Rowell P. Flower.

ALL are not your friends who smile at you. There's the "possum, for instance, will smile all over, and yet bite you while smiling.

We propose this title for Mr. Watterson's little bill: "An act to suppress all the daily papers in Louisville except the Courier-Journal."

We suggest as an amendment to Mr. Watterson's news monopoly bill, a clause copyrighting the editorials of the Courier-Journal.

We can not tell if because we belong to the Washington Hotel Society, Erue Champ and George Ditto wrote the "Bread Winners."

MISS ENCYCLOPEDIA DEWEY is a New York production. The fellow that bugs her has his arms full of knowledge, if there is anything in a name.

SEVERAL hill families drew relief rations because some of their downtown neighbors lost fences and out-houses. They were flood sufferers through sympathy.

WHEREVER the democratic party concludes to substitute courage for cowardice and principles for policy, then it will stand a reasonable show for success before the people.

The indications are that Chicago will get both the national conventions this year. That English town is evidently preparing to rob Cincinnati of its proud non de plume of "Polkopolis."

The storm of Tuesday, the 19th instant, was widespread and caused great loss of life and property in Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Ohio, southern Indiana and southern Illinois.

When the flood did a big washing at Cincinnati, it failed the clearest the filthiest thing in the town—the Enquirer concern. Another and higher and more industrious flood is needed there.

The republican party legitimately inherited its protective tariff principle from its father, the late whig party. The democrats can only obtain possession of it by purchase or theft. And it will be an acquirement that will prove fatal to their party.

The difference between high protection republicans and moderate (or incidental) protection democrats is only of degree. The one is an open prostitute and the other a kept mistress. It is only a question of time when the latter will take to street walking.

FOUR negroes of Avondale, O., celebrated the 22nd of February by murdering three of their own race and selling the bodies to a Cincinnati medical college. If this thing becomes fashionable, the negroes themselves will gladly and effectually solve the race problem.

The London Medical Times thinks the investigation of Dr. Gale should be conducted before Judge Lynch. Everybody in this city endorses that opinion. Indeed, Judge Lynch would find no trouble in impaling a jury in Cloverport that would mete out to the murderer of poor Brother McDonnell a splendid article of justice.

OUR clever young friends and neighbors of the Owensboro Messenger will please accept our grateful thanks for supplying us with a lot of their exchanges at a time when we had been cut off from all mail communication with the outer world for more than two weeks. When they need our services in any manner in the future they can draw on us at sight.

THE MURDER OF BRO. M. DONNALL.

In writing of this atrocious event, for which not one of the scoundrels engaged in its perpetration will ever be hanged, or in any other manner punished, we fear, we propose to deal in the strongest, plainest and most pointed language that honest indignation can command.

There is not a man, woman or child in Cloverport who did not know and love poor Brother McDonnell, who does not hold his memory in deepest and holiest reverence, and who would not hesitate to take summary vengeance on the hellhounds who did him to death by their inhuman neglect and worse than heathen indifference to his sufferings. Doctors Gale and Erwin as actually murdered him as though they had administered poison, used the knife, or sent a ball crashing through his poor, disordered brain. Their conduct will admit of no palliation, is beyond excuse, and deserves defence. It was the conduct of wild beasts. It had nothing of humanity about it. The vilest demon from the blackest pit of hell, his heart charged with bitter hatred of those who love and serve God, could not have conceived of more blasphemous and lying terms in which to express his hate towards this poor and stricken and helpless preacher of the Word than fell from the foul tongue of the heathen Erwin when, in response to Dr. Ramsey's appeal to him to examine our poor friend's hurts, he exclaimed, "He's a d—d old hypocrite!"

Rev. J. B. McDonnell was the pastor of the Presbyterian church in this city. He was frail in frame, weak in health, and afflicted with blindness. The wonder is that his mind, under this complication of misfortunes, so long resisted insanity. But he brooded not over his lost health, repined not because an impenetrable veil, black as night and as impervious to light as one of the dangers of God, hung between his sight and the beauties of nature, the glorious refulgence of day, the sparkling night panorama of the heavens, and I even in the inspired words of the Blessed Book of God! On the contrary, his spirits were ever as cheerful as the nature of the singing bird of spring. There was ever laughing on his face, in his speech, in his heart. His disposition was sweet and confiding, and his affections warm, impulsive and wide-reaching enough to clasp all mankind in their loving embrace. He dearly loved little children, and was never happier than when with a lot of them gathered about his knees. He would tell them stories, sing them songs, answer their questions, and hold arguments with them on the childish topics that engage their thoughts and minds. God bless the dear married pair! We have sat and watched him with our little ones, and, witnessing his delight and their happiness, thought of One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and said to himself, "Surely the nature of Christ is in this man." And yet a brute of a physician could say of such a man as that, "He is a d—d old hypocrite!"

Brother McDonnell, though of a sect, was not sectarian. He once said to us, "My Master died that all men might live." That was his theology. It mattered not to him what denomination his neighbor belonged to, or whether he was a professor of religion or not, he always visited him, engaged in social intercourse with his family, rumped and played with his children, ate of his bread and salt, and ever brought joy and gladness and sunshine in at the door with him. Blind to the paths of the world, he was yet a loving and gentle guide on the path that leads to heaven. In every house he was welcome. At every hearth he had an honored place. And to every home in the town he carried delight. All looked upon him as a perfect exemplar of the Christian character. Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, all loved him. Unostentatiously, weekly, he performed his Master's work, visited the sick and afflicted, comforting the distressed, counseling, advising, cheering. And it was of a saint like this that a damned heathen, soulless wretch said, "He is a d—d old hypocrite!"

When we undertook the other night to read aloud Dr. Ramsey's evidence before the legislative commission in our home circle, the horrid details of the damnable atrocities of those fiends drove our wife and children to tears and lamentations, and so worked upon our already highly wrought feelings that, at that moment, had Gale or Erwin stood before us, by God we would have shot down the scoundrel with less compunction than we would have killed a snep killing dog—and we were dumbly beg pardon of all sheep killing dogs for referring to them in the same breath with these cowardly scoundrels. It is an insult the vilest ever of them all has a right to become offended at.

But why expend wrath in words? These wretches will never be punished. We doubt not that the strong political influence Gale commands will be successfully employed to prevent the legislature from taking proper action in his case. Like the Jansen murder, some poor devil of an understrapper about the asylum may be kicked out of his mental position by a resolution of our law making body, and a sympathetic party press will hold up the head-devil of them all as an innocent lamb, whose confidence and trust in his subordinates was betrayed, who was not only ignorant but ignorant of the cruel wrong perpetrated upon the patients of the institution over which he has supreme charge, and that the drop of poor Brother McDonnell's blood that splashed upon his snow white fleece was now washed off, leaving it again white as snow, by the blame being riddled upon the sacrificed mesial. Erwin and Ramsey are no longer connected with the asylum, and therefore beyond legislative vengeance, and they may become the objects of the legislative wrath. But Gale will be held blameless—will ever be officially sympathized with as a victim of misplaced confidence, rather than the murderer that he morally is as certainly as Cain was the murderer of Abel in that far Judean thicket when yet the world was in its infancy, and before Anchorage asylums were ever dreamed of as nurseries of horrors terrible as those of the Spanish Inquisition and crimes as black and bloody as those that maintain the pirate avails of the Spanish Main. This is our firm conviction.

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based upon the result of the Jansen investigation. We may be in error, and, God knows, we hope we are.

But we have said enough. We can not write more and keep ourselves within the bounds of decent invective. Below we reproduce Dr. Ramsey's testimony, and leave each of our readers to do his own swearing over it.

I knew a patient confined at the asylum named McDonnell. He was a Presbyterian preacher and blind. He was a pay patient and died there after a residence of three or four months. I was not present at the time he died, but saw Dr. Erwin's written report of the case, which stated that McDonnell died from exhaustion. I saw McDonnell every day but one from the time he entered the asylum until his death. On Sunday, about four weeks and three days before he died, he fell off the end of the porch at the asylum, and was unable to get up again. I was in the office with Dr. Gale when one of the attendants reported the accident and sent him to see about the matter. McDonnell was picked up and taken into a hospital ward where Tom Buford was kept for a while. It was a separate room for patients, and was used by convalescents. We found the old man there apparently suffering great agony. He was nearly unrecognizable. He had a hole in his right leg and manipulated it. McDonnell complained of great pain in his hip. Gale said, "O, that's all right," and we took him to the room. Going out with him, I saw Dr. Erwin in the hall. He said he was going to see the case, and we passed on. Next morning in making my regular rounds, I was called by McDonnell, who was seated, all drawn up, on a hard bench in his cell ward. He cried, "Come here, please, please, please." He said, "I have a hole in my leg, and you do me some thing to make me free from my awful agony? Do not allow me to be treated in this way!" The attendants told me that Dr. Erwin had ordered McDonnell to be moved out of the hospital ward to his cell, and that, when he was compelled to sit on a hard bench and not allowed to lie down. Dr. Erwin said there was nothing the matter with him, and that he was "a d—d old hypocrite." I reported the case to the superintendent, and the old man was moved back to a more comfortable place. One day I found him suffering with a severe diarrhoea. I told Dr. Gale, and he prescribed medicine that proved beneficial. The next day Dr. Erwin ordered a second prescription, and stating that Dr. Gale had already prescribed, said, "By God, if Gale had got charge of the case, I wouldn't have anything to do with it," and so the patient went without medicine for about four weeks before he died. He was kept lying up in a chair until he got bad sores upon his back, and the attendants took him and put him to bed against Dr. Erwin's orders. This was the day before he died. In drawing the body for the grave, I noticed a terrible odour, and that one leg was about two inches shorter than the other. I called the attention of McDonnell, an attendant, to the matter, and he called Dr. Riley in. We agreed that there was a fracture and probably a dislocation of the head of the femur, and tried to talk with Dr. Gale about McDonnell's injuries, but he said, "Just let that matter rest." McDonnell was then still buried. Dr. Riley and I told Mr. Garrison about this when, during a sermon, he was preaching against Dr. Erwin. McDonnell's real condition could have been discovered by any careful physician's examination.

The Courier-Journal, of the 20th inst., thus editorially speaks of poor Brother McDonnell—who was, for the last fifteen years of his life, one of the best preachers in this city—and his brutal murder by the inhuman scoundrels of Anchorage asylum: "Many of us remember the blind preacher, Mr. McDonnell. He spent his days, in his means, and at last health itself in the service of humanity, following as best he could the commands of his Master to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. In study he lost his eyesight, but still he pursued his work, cheerfully, earnestly, unswervingly. It was a most pathetic, a most touching pilgrimage. For years he knew no difference between darkness and light. His thoughts turned in on his own condition, cut off from that intercourse that natural sympathy which does so much to lighten the burdens of life, or to impart strength to bear them, gradually his mind began to fall. Finally he was sent to the asylum at Anchorage, and there, unattended, uncared for, wandering about unknown and unfamiliar places, he fell over the stairs; bruised and with his leg broken, neglected, he lingered in torment a few weeks and died."

"Reading the testimony, the only conclusion we can reach is that the life of Mr. McDonnell was an unnecessary sacrifice to wretched mismanagement."

The "Language Literary Bureau" propose to furnish us printed proof sheets reports of Talmage's sermons at the following rates: for daily, \$12 per month; weekly, \$5 per month. They guarantee to mail each report in time for us to print them next morning after their delivery if we publish a daily, and graciously accord us the glorious privilege, without extra charge, of impugning them as special telegraphic dispatches to our paper. For the character and thoroughness of their reports, and the fidelity with which they carry out their contracts, they refer us to the Monday morning editions of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Indianapolis Journal, and several other western dailies which claim to supply on the same terms of offer us. We will hold their proposition under consideration until the late of Mr. Watterson's bill is settled. If it passes, then we will make a dicker with them and skyrocket piety.

GALLANT Mrs. Col. (we suppose she is a colonel) George Dunaway, of Randolph county, Ga., has introduced the pistol into the domestic discipline of that state with such signal success that we are compelled to pay her the compliment of saying that she has proved herself competent for the position of attendant at our own beautiful Anchorage asylum. Because her husband attempted to speak their fretting child, this heroic Charlotte Corday of the health-stone drew her pistol and shot him dead. She could have saved poor Brother McDonnell a month of dreadful suffering.

If our young friends of the Owensboro Messenger were so dazzled by the beauty and grace of the few specimens of Cloverport girls we sent down there as special flood reporters, what on earth would happen were they to come up here some Sunday, visit the churches, and look upon the congregated loveliness of six or seven hundred of the prettiest and sweetest girls of all creation?

THE NEWS COPYRIGHT BILL.

Mr. Watterson's defence of the bill copyrighting all special news dispatches in the daily papers for forty-eight hours after publication, is the finest kind of special pleading. That the publisher has a proprietary right in his special dispatches there can be no question—prior to their appearance in his paper. What Mr. Watterson wants is an act declaring it to be a felony for any telegraph operator to furnish his special to a rival publisher, and for any rival publisher or other person to receive from any operator said special dispatches for publication or other purpose, and affixing punishment therefor sufficiently severe to deter any person from attempting that species of theft.

After it comes from the press, however, all special proprietary right in them ceases. They then become the property of the subscribers to and purchasers of his paper. They are then the property of the public. Just the same as the advertisements, miscellaneous reading matter, market and local reports that go to make up the contents of the paper. If the publisher of an evening or other paper uses them subsequently he has the right to do so, sanctioned by usage, a habit of appropriation of which the Courier-Journal itself is guilty whenever it copies from a contemporary and fails to give credit, a common, an almost every day fault with it.

The truth is the bill as it stands is a false hood. The Courier-Journal is not all concerned about its special. It holds the monopoly of the associated press dispatches in its city. There is an evening paper published in Louisville that it excludes from those dispatches. It is therefore compelled to look for its general news in the Courier Journal and other morning papers. This evening paper the Courier-Journal does not condense to notice in its columns. It ignores its existence completely. But this bill, should it become a law, would kill that evening paper as effectually as a dose of strychnine will kill a dog. And that is the real purpose of the bill. It is intended to squelch the Evening Post.

But if it had no such intent, the substance and spirit of the measure is bad. It gives proprietary right to the seller in an article that he has sold and delivered—that has passed out of his possession into that of a purchaser. It is the most vicious form of vicious legislation. It monopolizes the work of an already grinding monopoly. The newspaper folk of the country are already sorely wounded by and at the mercy of the associated press monopoly. Bills like this will murder the most of them outright and toss them into a grave. It ought to be rejected in committee. It should never be permitted to show its face in the open house. There is no call for congress to play the part of Jack Ketch for the Courier-Journal. If it can not get rid of its rival in open and manly competition in the reading market, then let it wreck its vengeance with its own hand and not saddle the supreme law making power of the land into the dirty and ignominious of legislating an obnoxious contemporary out of existence.

When the murder of Jansen was under discussion the Courier-Journal defended Gale and his brutal mixers. Now that poor Brother McDonnell has fallen a victim to the brutality of the same fiendish brutes, the Courier-Journal talks after this fashion: "Incompetency, ignorance or cruelty are manifest everywhere. When one considers the helpless condition of the inmates, when one remembers to what harsh, to what it human, to what barbarous treatment they were subjected, feelings of pity and indignation are stirred which can not be relieved by words." Jansen was a poor, friendless German. Brother McDonnell was a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Hallman, the proprietor of the Courier-Journal, is a Presbyterian communicant.

Words are too feeble to express the gratitude of our suffering people to the Board of Trade of Indianapolis for the timely succor extended. Our needs were great, our wants immediate and pressing, but the clarity of Indianapolis was greater than our needs and swift to relieve our pressing wants. May the good God that witnessed their humane acts bless them in family and store. Their charity ignored party lines and state lines, sects and nationalities, and was as bounteous as it was quick and free-handed. Again we invoke God's blessings on them and theirs.

DON PADMAN wrote the Hopkinsville asylum romance in the Courier-Journal of the 20th inst. Two pointers establish his identity as the author. First the "religious dodge"—Don is the only man on the paper with a leaning to piety—and the remark that frightened the Hickman hotel wicker water bath to death: "Avant! son of Sengambria, descendant of Eras, bifurcated animalcule!" That "gives the thing dead away," as Yankee Bligh would classically remark. And it's a devilish good story.

New Advertisements

For Sale.

I wish to sell a House and Lot, known as the Cox property, in Union St. Ky. It is suitably located for business and a residence. Terms easy. WM. MILNER, Union Star, Ky., Feb. 24, 1884.

CLIFTON WATER MILLS.

Having lately put the above named Mills in perfect repair, we are now ready to do first-class work and issue general satisfaction. Custom work a specialty. One eighth toll, and a good turn out and good flour guaranteed. An experienced miller always in the mill and ready to accommodate. Good stables for horses from a distance. Grinding at all hours, night or day.

Flour, Meal and Feed

always on hand, and for sale cheap. Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

OUR FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY ELIJAH BOARD, Hardinsburg, Ky., COLEMAN & GLASGOW, Prop'rs.

A Modern Sams-n.

"Prof. B. A. Proctor has discovered in Nevada a being who claims to be the strongest man in the world. His name is Angelo Cardella. He is an Italian, aged thirty-eight, and stands five feet ten inches in height, weighing 138 pounds. His strength was born with him, for he had no athletic training. He differs from other men chiefly in his osseous structure. Although not of unusual size, his spinal column is double the ordinary width and his bones and joints are made on a similarly large and generous scale. He can lift a man of 200 pounds with the middle finger of his right hand. The man stood with one foot on the floor, his arms outstretched and his hands grasped by two persons to balance his body. Cardella then stooped down and placed the third finger of his right hand under the man's feet, and with scarcely any perceptible effort raised him to the height of four feet and deposited him on a table near at hand. Once two powerful men waylaid Cardella with intent to thrash him, but he seized one in each hand and hammered them together till the life was nearly hammered out of them. He is of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and his strength is inherited, for he states his father was more powerful than himself.

Deadly Dullness.

A mother having become alarmed about the falling state of her daughter's health, and not being able to get much satisfaction from a consultation with the country doctor, took her to a physician in the city for further advice. The latter asked a few questions as to the girl's daily habits and mode of life, carefully stethoscoped her heart and lungs, and then gave an involuntary sigh. The mother grew pale and waited anxiously for the verdict. The doctor said, "So far as I can discover, your daughter is suffering from a most serious complaint, which for want of a better name I shall call 'dullness.' Perhaps it is in your power to cure it. I have no medicine which is a specific for this disease. It is not the doctor who dares to be thus straightforward; otherwise the same opinion would be given in hundreds of cases now labelled with some jaw-breaking technical term for the sake of politeness to the sufferer and her relations. An indefinite, expressed opinion is the natural state of a healthy, vigorous minded girl, when she has nothing to occupy her thoughts and her fingers, just as the vague flapping of a bird's wings, as it sits beside the nest, shows that it is ready to flight.

Value of Workmanship.

Of all the manufactures those of hardware are the most favorable to the encouragement of industry, the progress of labor and skill. There is none that admits of such minute and subtle divisions and subdivisions of labor; of course there is none in which the workman can be expected to attain to such perfection, both for dexterity, celerity and neatness of execution, in the particular things about which they are occupied. There are no manufactures which carry to so great an extent, the adventitious value resulting from the labor and skill employed by the workman on the crude material; consequently, there is none that offers higher reward to the exertions of industry. The value of the raw materials of hardware is as nothing compared with the finished fabric. A chain was manufactured at Woodstock which weighed only two ounces, and cost \$170, being one hundred and sixty three thousand six hundred times the value of the original iron from which it was made. The same may be said of various manufactures in tin, copper, ivory, and even in silver and gold. The workmanship is nearly all in gold.

Mr. DeJennette is acknowledged to be a good material for sheriff as can be found in the county, but a great deal of dissatisfaction is felt and expressed among the people that he overlooked Cloverport in the selection of a deputy. For our part, we are inclined to think that Cloverport ought to be content with having possessed the sheriff's place for two years, but those who differ with us on that point, the town is of too much importance to not have one of the shrewdest officers. As we are for DeJennette for sheriff, he would the matter will be so arranged that everybody will be satisfied and a contest for the nomination avoided.

BUY FRESH GOODS, CORRECT SYLES, LATEST NOVELTIES, OF JOHN D. BABBAGE.

A Splendid Assortment of Good and Reliable Gents' Furnishing Goods.

We are prepared as we never were before to serve old men, young men, and very particular men in what they want to wear in the line of WHITE OverShirts, Under-shirts, Drawers and Neck wear. As for SHIRTS themselves, we have the advantage of all competitors. We make GENTS' FURNISHING a specialty, and strive to please men (and women, too, who do the buying for their husbands and sons.)

Now, gentlemen, won't you honor us with a call and see what you we have and how cheap they are?

DON'T FORGET

us when you want a Shirt, a pair of Drawers, a box of Collars, a pair of Socks, a Handkerchief, a pair of Suspenders, or any thing else in the line of furnishing goods.

JOHN D. BABBAGE, 33 WALL STREET, CLOVERPORT, KY.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL AND EXPRESS.

J. BACON & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that we have now ready one of the largest, most varied, and complete lines of

WHITE GOODS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES!

ever brought to this market. Having placed our orders early last Fall, buying goods in very large quantities, directly from the manufacturers for cash, we are enabled to offer buyers great inducements in any thing in our line.

Table with 3 columns: WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES. Lists various items and prices.

NOVELTIES

in Embroidered and Lace Collars, Ribbons, White Lisle Thread and Balltriggin Hose; Mousquetaire, Burton and Hook Kid Gloves in all the latest spring shades. Special attention is called to our immense line of Muslim Underwear, which for quality, make and style can not be excelled. Chemise from 40c to \$1.50, Skirts from 50c to \$6.50, Night Robes from 84c to \$3.50. Just opened a large line of Infant Robes and Dresses.

MOURNING GOODS! MOURNING GOODS!

We have just opened a very large and handsome line of Black Cashmeres, Silk-warp, Henriettes, Tamise, Barjon Cloth, and Mourning Goods of all descriptions, together with a large line of the celebrated world-renowned

Courtauld's Crepes for Trimming and Veiling.

Carpets a Specialty.

Our Carpet rooms are replete with the largest and choicest line of Carpets ever displayed in this market. Many of the designs were manufactured expressly for us, and can not be duplicated elsewhere. We solicit a visit to this department when in our city, whether you come with a view of purchasing or not.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with the exception of carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm, for this branch of our business, and will insure those entrusting their orders to us that they may depend upon having them filled with the same promptness and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. In writing please state this paper. Enclose 3-cent stamp in sending for samples, and please state about the price goods wanted.

J. BACON & SONS Importers, Jobbers & Retailers, LOUISVILLE, KY.

CITY BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY.

A. FAHRENBERG, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Keeps constantly on hand Fresh Bread Gakes, and a nice assortment Candies, Nuts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Cigars, Oranges, Lemons, and Domestic Fruits.

FRESH OYSTERS IN ANY STYLE.

will be served at any hour of the day on short notice. Don't fail to drop in and see me when you come to Hardinsburg. ALBERT FAHRENBERG

For Sale. STORE-ROOM AND DWELLING IN THE TOWN OF WEBSTER.

One Store-room and House and Lot, the latter containing 3 1/2 acres of land, in the town of Webster, Ky., one of the best locations in the county for a country store. The present firm sell from \$10,000 to \$12,000 worth of goods per year. It is on the line of the present projected railroad, known as the Dry Valley route. Price \$1,000. Possession given April 1, 1884. Terms easy. For further particulars address the undersigned. G. H. KURTZ, Webster, Breckinridge Co., Ky.

THE SUPERB HOLSTEIN BULL, PRINCE ALBERT,

Will stand at Capt. Wm. Smith's, in Holt's Bottom, the present season, and will be permitted to serve cows at \$3, the money due when the service is rendered.

DESCRIPTION. Prince Albert is black and white, fine form, weighs about 1,200 lbs., and was two years old the 15th of last May. He was bought of J. B. Gathrie, of Shelby county, Ky. His dam was Lady Fisher, a favorite milker, that gave 8 gallons per day. He is owned by D. H. KURTZ, Webster, Ky.

BOOKS of every description at H.B. Bacon's, School Books at a supply a specialty.

BIRD CAGES of every description at H.B. Bacon's, School Books at a supply a specialty.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. Has gained an enviable reputation for its efficacy in relieving all the various ailments of the head, throat, chest, and lungs, and in all cases of inflammation, swelling, and soreness. It is not a LIQUID OR SHUFFLE. Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, and actually cleaning the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It kills the inflammation, protects the membrane, keeps the head from additional colds, completely heats the nose and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unqualified for COLD IN THE HEAD, BRUISES AND SWELLINGS, or any kind of mucous membrane irritation. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.